

## Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### THE SADDEST THING.

O heart, so warm of old,  
Why hast thou grown so cold?  
There is no sadder thing in all the world  
Than is a heart grown cold.

Not sin, for that may be  
Cause of humility;  
New vigor comes from wrestling with  
Our foes.  
Courage and victory.

Not pain, for pain is good,  
A cleanser of the blood;  
Restoring to the soul a wholesome zest  
For her celestial food.

Not grief, which purifies,  
Tears wash the spirit's eyes,  
Until the strengthened vision pierces  
Heaven.  
Where Christ such weeping dries.

Not death, for death is just  
Surety in place of trust.  
At the long journey's end, dear home attained  
Shaking off sandals dust.

O heart, so warm of old,  
Why hast thou grown so cold?  
There is no sadder thing in all the world  
Than is a heart grown cold.

—Dante's Dandridge, in N. Y. Independent.

### Tige, the Deliverer.

The Story of a Girl Vaquero Who Suddenly Became a Woman.  
BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

THE California known to the gold-seeker and tourist to-day is undoubtedly a nice place, but she is only a poor, mutilated thing compared with the California old Fernando knew before the gringo came. California, with her wastes of primeval forests, boundless valleys stretching away to the vanishing point, mighty rivers, and sun-kissed mountains, before her fair proportions were torn by hydraulic monitors or disfigured by dirty cities; when San Francisco was still a colony of happy sand-hills, and the bay sparkled in its pristine blueness unsullied by deposits of "slickens"—this was the California old Fernando knew. The rolling plains of the Sacramento were mated only by Indians and antelope, and all the broad valley was one magnificent grazing range, with Fernando monarch of all he surveyed. From the New Helvetia grant of Gen. Sutter, on the banks of the Feather river, to his fastness in the Buttes, Fernando's brand was seen. He was fond of saying that the Creator had him in His mind when He created those mountains, for there was not a corral in all the world so fit as the Butte Pass. There were other ranchmen who recognized the merits of this range, too, but it was not to their advantage to encroach upon it, as they invariably found after one season. These buttes jut up in the heart of the plains, and in their center lies a valley, or pass, hemmed in on two sides by high bluffs and at either end by a narrow opening. Fernando's vaqueros were skilled in their business, and every pair of horns on the plains were rounded into the pass and branded. In this way his herd increased with wonderful rapidity, for any brand might be lost under Fernando's which was of the "hog-pen" style.

Even Fernando's daughter was not far behind him in feats of daring and skill, and she filled the only warm spot in his thieving old heart. Violetta was her name, and "Fernando's Violetta" she was always called until young Dixon, the gringo from the States, rode down from the Sobrante grant. "Violetta," he laughed, good naturedly, looking down into her wide, fearless eyes, and at the mane of sunburned hair that framed her freckled face; "Violetta—by all that's incongruous! She's more like a tiger lily than a violet." So "Tiger Lily," and finally "Tige," she had become.

Day after day, as Dixon's eyes followed her little flying figure mounted on a half-broken cayuse, bounding over the plains in the wake of the herders after some recalcitrant beast, or galloping into the camp shouting and hallooing at the top of her voice from pure exuberance of animal spirits, his brow clouded, and he shook his head dubiously, for although she filled his heart and eye, he was bound to admit she was not promising material for the domestic hearth. All his preconceived ideas of a woman's sphere, gathered from the lives of his patient mother and prim maiden aunts, everlastingly knitting and drinking tea in their far-away New England home, arose in his mind and arrayed themselves over against this touch-and-go young thing, wild and free as the air she breathed. He laughed in spite of himself at the thought of Tige's strong, brown hands, used to throwing the lariat and wielding the quirt, being brought down to anything so tame as knitting-needles, or Tige's restive spirit being curbed to brook the trials of the prudent housewife.

Once he had tried to remonstrate with her, but such serious argument was too tedious for her hot young blood, and watching her bare back, escape, she threw herself, bare-backed, on the prairie to ride off her impatience. No, no; she was too reckless and willful to bend her head to any restraint, Dixon told himself. The woman was lost in the vaquero.

And so matters endured until one evening, coming home in the glow of the early summer sunset, knee-deep in the waving wastes of golden poppies, they rode together, far miles around no other soul. Tige, under the spell of the drooping day, filled with something of the tenderness of the great heart of nature that beat so close about them, lost her reckless spirit and forgot to be defiant, her restless little cayuse being held down to a quiet jog very close.

Dixon's Breaker the first time in this mood, he almost feared to put it to rest by broaching a subject she would never listen to; but seeing the gentle mood deepen under the influence of the evening, he began, tenderly: "Tige," and, to his surprise, she did not resent his tones—"Tige, do you—"

With a sudden, terrified snort, Breaker, whose hoof had gone into a squirrel hole, was on his knees, plunging wildly to free himself, and the next instant prone on the ground, with Dixon under him.

Used as she was to accidents, hair's-breadth escapes, and feats of daring horsemanship, Tige laughed at his awkwardness and reined in her pony, waiting for him to get to his feet; but after a moment of waiting, he did not rise, and then, with all her assistance, could not. White, and breathless, and only half realizing what it might mean, she dashed ahead for Pedro and Felipe, but when they reached him Dixon still lay helpless. They carried him carefully to the ranch house, a low stone cabin daubed with adobe soil, and gave him into the care of Juana, the old mahaly who did everything about the house for Fernando that his vaquero-daughter scorned.

The nearest settlement was three leagues away, and when at last the doctor came he looked at Dixon and shook his head. But his verdict was a meaningless combination of words to Tige's untrained ears until she caught the words, "paralyzed," he'll never move hand or foot again."

"Dixon paralyzed!" Over and over she repeated the words, "he'll never move hand or foot again!" and as she dashed out of the house, sprang into Dixon's saddle and galloped furiously across the plains, the words rang through her brain with every hoof-beat. As she rode wildly onward, spurring her horse into a run, she grasped more clearly the import of those awful words, "Dixon paralyzed!" until turning homeward, heart-sick and exhausted, Tige threw her arms around Breaker's neck and under cover of the darkness wept like a girl.

Juana, who held an open animosity toward the gringo, performed all her services with disapproving grunts, so it was Tige upon whom the care of the injured man devolved. Divested of hat and jacket, she watched beside him, waited upon him, sang to him, losing her ruddy color and growing wan-eyed from the close confinement in the house. And Dixon, his great length laid low, his powerful frame helpless as a little child's, lay motionless month after month hopelessly inert.

And finally it was spring-time again. The birds came back, the colors glowed on the prairies, the sun was warm and bright as if nothing had happened. One day Dixon lay watching Tige sitting demurely in the doorway. Her mane of hair was tucked up, and she was looking at him with a rebellious look that would not be controlled, her color was subdued to a delicate flush, and when she turned to ward him all the dare-devil life was gone out of her eyes.

"Do you love me, Tige?" he asked, gently, knowing only too well now what the answer would be. All these long months Dixon had watched the change his lunacy had wrought in the girl—the gentler footsteps, the softer tones, the thoughtfulness in a hundred nameless little ways, until at last the vaquero was wholly lost in the woman. Then Dixon, because he was a man, even then, grew more and more determined on his course with every new evidence of her love.

"With all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength," she repeated, reverently, not realizing she was fulfilling the law toward Dixon instead of her Creator; but there was no half-way possible to her—she either loved or hated, and that with all her strength of her impetuous nature.

Then nerving himself to the ordeal by main force, for this affliction had made him weak, Dixon went on: "Do you realize that I am paralyzed for life?"

"Wide eyes, grown deep and tender, regarded him sadly. "Yes," she answered, gently. "When they first told me, I wouldn't believe it, but I've grown used to it now."

"Well, I have not!" broke from Dixon, savagely, in a momentary loss of self-control.

"But you are not going to have to bear it alone, you will always have me with you," pleaded the girl, simply.

"No, Tige," he answered, steadily. She could not know that the instinctive effort to reach his hand toward her and his powerlessness to do so, was what nerved him to say it. "No, that can never be, I could not ask you to be my wife now, because—because—"

"But," he ventured very low so he could not see her face, she ventured, "I am going to marry you and take care of you."

"And in time come to despise me," interrupted Dixon. "I have no money, Tige, so that would be impossible. Don't you see it all? Do you imagine I could let you throw yourself away on such as I, a dead man unbearably? I, who could not raise a finger to support or even protect you, lying here like a dog at your feet."

"Hush, hush," shuddered the girl, putting her hand over her mouth to stop him; "you shall not say those things."

"Listen!" Dixon commanded; he could not be other than masterful however low he might be laid. "This is the only sane thing to do. You are very young and in time you will get over your grief. You will be going back to Mexico as soon as the rains begin."

"No," answered Tige, with her old high-handed way of disposing of her own affairs. "I am not going down to Mexico any more. I am going to stay here to take care of you."

But old Fernando was shrewd. His love for his daughter was well advised with ambition, and, as he saw her growing into a beautiful womanhood, he had no thought of seeing her tied to a hopeless paralytic. If she would go quietly to her relatives in Juarez like a good girl, he told her, she might come back in the spring, but she could not stay now. Juana was going away, he himself had to go to Mexico, and it was not decorous for her to even think of staying. So he began; but seeing his argument falling on deaf ears, he became exasperated by her defiance. He swore that if she dared stay she would be no longer a daughter to him, he would turn her out of the house, and she and her paralytic lover would be beggars.

In vain she turned to Dixon for consolation. For the first time in her

life she found her father inexorable and Dixon cruel. But she knew what it cost him to be so, and more steadfastly resolved she would never leave him alone. She knew how it would be with him, unable to move hand or foot, lying all day in the little rough cabin, the men away bounding over the plains, or in bad weather quarreling and gambling, a lot of dirty, half-breed "gringos," early and grudging in their care as they grew more tired of him. She threw herself upon him in a paroxysm of tempestuous grief. She didn't care for herself, she vowed; she didn't care for her father's wrath or disinheritor, or what people thought of her course. She could not leave him, and would stay with him as long as he lived, whatever the consequences.

Nevertheless, the preparations for her departure drew nearer completion every day, and she was forbidden to even speak of remaining behind. She would have defied her father and stayed unhesitatingly, but Dixon was even more unrelenting than Fernando, on the ground that she was hurting him beyond endurance with the thought of so gloriously throwing away her life, more precious to him than any one else.

The parting came. Fernando's apprehensions of one of her unbridled outbursts of temper, which usually lasted days, or until the camp was brought to submission, were unfounded. Tige had ceased to be a child and was now a woman. To make amends for his apparent harshness in refusing her preferred sacrifice, and thankful that she had yielded to reason, Dixon's manner was full of tenderness on this, their last happy day. Together they went back over the history of their lives since Dixon rode down from the Sobrante grant, the happy "tom-boy" days that followed, then their last ride when they were returning home through the golden plains in the glow of the early summer sunset, both carefully avoiding any allusion to Dixon's accident. For the first time in all these long months, Tige's happy laughter rang through the cabin, for each was determined their last moments should not be saddened by the shadow of the parting that was to come with the morning.

Finally, this last day, too, drew to a close, and everything was in readiness for an early start in the morning. When the house was quiet and every one asleep, Tige arose and stole like a wraith into Dixon's room. A moment she bent over him, devouring him with her eyes. In the clear, silver light of the moon not the least deep furrow on his forehead, nor the heavy lids that had framed the strained look about the mouth that had come the last few months from the mental anguish he had suffered, and the helplessness—the utter helplessness—of this great, splendid fellow. For that very reason there was a touch of the maternal in her love. How she yearned to take his head upon her breast and caress him, croon over him, soothe the anguish out of his soul at any cost.

As she bent over him he muttered something in his sleep. With the quickness and agility of an Indian she crouched in the shadow until his breathing grew deep and regular again. Then she arose and came nearer. The horror of the life that lay before him, and her own inability to alleviate it in any way, surged over her with a fresh poignancy. She threw out her arms and ground her teeth to choke back the cry that rose to her lips. No, she could not leave him, friendless and alone, to become a burden to those about him, an object of charity to his friends, and, finally, of contempt. Resignation had no place in her hot, young blood. She was not of the tame, patient sort that submits unquestioningly to the workings of fate. This was Dixon, the man she loved "with all her heart, and with all her soul, and with all her strength," and there was only one way to save him.

Slipping stealthily along the wall to the shelf where his belt hung, she reached for his revolver, examining it carefully to see that it was loaded. With hands that did not tremble she covered his heart with the muzzle and shut her eyes. Dixon slept on peacefully, unconscious of her presence. If he had muttered in his sleep again, if there had been the slightest noise from the outside, the yelp of a coyote or the bark of a dog, her courage might have failed her; but as she bent over him there was not a sound nor a sigh. A still white moonlight lay over the plains.

Thus a moment passed. She still might spare him and no one would ever know how near she had come to being his deliverer or murderer—which? Should she let him live out a long life of slow dying, or mercifully end it now? She did not turn again to look at him, she could not, but with a quick in-drawing of her breath, breathed "Madre de Dios!" which blended with a cry for guidance, strength to do this thing, forgiveness if it were wrong, and courage to live out the remainder of her lonely life. Then her cold hand touched the trigger and Dixon was saved.

The report aroused the household. Fernando and Juana rushed into the room, the vaqueros, aroused by the sound, came running to the scene, and a babel of confusion reigned. Fernando, standing in their midst, stooped and picked up the smoking revolver, Dixon's own. "How he ever managed to raise his arm to do it, beats me," he said, feeling, however, that all things came to her in a great relief. While Tige, alone with her secret, looked out across the plains glowing knee-deep with the golden poppies, and calmly awaited the hour of their early departure.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**The Schmeer.**  
Dick—Everybody's remarking how soft you are on that wealthy Miss Wilful. What are your chances with her?

Jack—Very promising. She likes me pretty well, and I'm doing my best now to get her parents dead-set against me.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Courageous Animal.**  
City Man—A safe family horse?  
Farmer—Shellbacker—Yes-siree! Why, that 'ere hoss ain't even afraid of a woman in curl-papers!—Puck.

## PITH AND POINT.

"Can you change five cents, my little man?" "Sure! Do yer want silver or small bills?"—Indianapolis News.

When a man is hunting for something in the dark he is apt to find a lot of things he isn't looking for.—Chicago Daily News.

When a man pays a compliment to a woman he usually whispers it, and when he scolds her the neighbors can hear him.—Arlington Globe.

A Poser for Him.—He—"I have always said that I would not marry a girl who was stupid." She—"But how are you going to know?"—Town and Country.

Citizens—"You didn't raise any vegetables yourself, then?" Suburban—"No; unfortunately, my neighbors' chickens did it for me early in the spring."—Philadelphia Press.

Wantonness—"Do you ever find anything interesting in the verminiform appendix?" Dr. Cutter—"I usually find a fee of a hundred or so in every one I operate upon."—Philadelphia Record.

"DeGraft is one of the most remarkable successful financiers this city has produced in a decade." "I thought he was broke." "Broke? Why that man can write his debts in six figures!"—Indianapolis News.

The professional liar braced himself when he felt the thrill of a bite along his fishing-pole. When the cork went under he gave a jerk and landed a minnow about five inches long. "Shucks!" he muttered, with chagrin, as he took it off the hook. "I wish this 'un had got away; it would have been so much bigger."—Ohio State Journal.

## NEW WORLD TO CONQUER.

Six Hundred Millions of Good American Acres That Are Still Unused.

Some interesting facts regarding the great size and possibilities of our country were brought out at one of the recent hearings before the commission on irrigation of arid lands. It is not usually realized, especially by people in the east, that the enormous area of our country, 600,000,000 acres in extent, lies unused. This is an area larger than the whole of Europe and big enough to furnish land for a dozen Old World kingdoms. Of course a good deal of it is, and always will be, unfit for the support of a large population, but with proper management, it is destined to become the home of thousands and even millions of people, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

This great tract lies entirely west of the Mississippi valley and extends over the Rocky mountains, the Great Desert and into California. Much of it at present is a barren and desolate wilderness with but scanty rainfall to provide the necessary vegetation. Irrigation is to effect the change. Years of successful experience in the artificial watering of land has proved beyond doubt its wonderful efficiency in certain portions of this arid section, in California, in Colorado and elsewhere, so that it is but a question of capital and enterprise before the whole large problem will be solved. Every year sees an advance toward this desirable end; congress has some phase of the matter constantly before it; the United States geological survey has rendered valuable assistance in determining the flow of the rivers, which must be used for water supply, surveying and estimating the needs of dams and reservoirs and pointing out past mistakes and errors which may be avoided.

Close the mind's eye a moment and picture the accomplished result. Fifty million people added to the population east of the Missouri river, for this is the number of inhabitants the present waste lands are capable of supporting, a great nation in itself, an agricultural country, changing desolation into fruitful lands, creating a constantly increasing demand on eastern manufactures and taxing to the utmost the carrying capacity of the great transcontinental railroad lines. It means a new and bright era of development for the country.

**Traveling Kurds.**  
The inhabitants of Jelu, in distinction to those of the other valleys of Tiari and Tikhuma, are wonderful travelers, making begging tours to all parts of the world. Consequently, people talking a little English are easy to find, but it is rather disconcerting to be addressed in a strong American accent by a man who has been through the recent Spanish war as an American sailor, but who has just returned to tend his home farm, the sense of attachment to this little canton in a valley under Gellashin being stronger than the delights of civilization. One old fellow, who had finished his traveling days, said he knew London well, but the only name he could just remember was Bow street. Another was returning with a comrade from a successful tour in the Brazils, when his friend died off Lisbon, leaving \$175, which was handed over to the Turkish consul at Lisbon until proof of next-of-kin relationship was established. The man was starting for Lisbon last spring. This gives a new idea of the extraordinary way in which these people exploit the whole world in their tours.—Geographical Journal.

**The King's Tart Wit.**  
King Edward, who is of a kindly and generous disposition, has a tart wit when needed. Not so long ago an American woman residing in Paris wrote him a long letter to the effect that if he would send her a "personal memento" of his mother she would give a sum of money to any charitable institution he might designate. The king replied through his secretary, he begged to say that he had the pleasure of forwarding the "personal memento," as desired. He added that the London hospital was in need of funds. Inclosed was a half crown piece, these pieces bearing the effigy of the dead queen.—N. Y. Sun.

**Mapped by Experts.**  
Nearly 900,000 square miles, or about 30 per cent., of the area of the United States has been mapped by the experts of the United States geological survey during the last 20 years.—N. Y. Sun.

**Defeat.**  
Learn to accept defeat without considering that every man who opposes you is your enemy.—Arlington Globe.

## STONE AND CLARK OPEN SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN.

They Speak From a Spring Wagon Under a Big Tree in a Field at Paris, Monroe County—Both Declare Their Positions.

Paris, Mo., Sept. 27.—Under two great oak trees, the only ones in a field, William J. Stone, of St. Louis, and Champ Clark, of Pike county, opened the senatorial campaign here this afternoon. Each candidate made a speech, something over an hour in length, from a wagon. The listeners, a vast crowd from three or four counties, sat on the grass as the two distinguished Missourians outlined their positions on the issues in the public mind.

Gov. Stone made no direct allusion to his candidacy. The greater part of his speech was devoted to the statement that he had never for an instant receded from the position the party occupied in 1896 and in 1900. He recalled his Washington park, Kansas City, speech, and declared for a reaffirmation of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms. He said also that he deemed it unwise to submit to newspaper interviews on important questions without either writing the interviews or seeing the subsequent proof.

He said that he had not declared against the ratio of 16 to 1, but that he would be willing to change that ratio as a concession in order to secure a repeal of the act of 1873 and to restore bimetalism.

Mr. Clark made direct answer to this point. He said that he meant to stand by the whole of the Kansas City platform, omitting no detail, and that he meant by this that the ratio would continue as set forth. He said that concessions meant defeat.

Many uncommon circumstances attended the meeting to-day. Until this morning neither candidate knew that the other was to be present. Mr. Stone was on his way to Lamar and Mr. Clark was booked for a speech at Moberly to-morrow. Both were invited to stop here and address the people at the fair grounds.

When the speakers reached the grand stand at 2 o'clock this afternoon they found a baby show in progress. On the other side of the amphitheater there was enterprising music that could not be stopped. Mr. Bassett, chairman of the committee on arrangements, announced the oratorical plans for the afternoon, presenting Gov. Stone as the first speaker. Gov. Stone, looking better than he has appeared in several seasons, stood before the audience and waited for a hush in the music. There was none. He brushed his famous lock back once or twice, smiled at the great crowd and at the chairman, and took a seat.

Then some one said that old-fashioned stump-speaking would come closer to the Monroe county idea for the launching of senatorial booms. There were two great trees a quarter of a mile away. What did Mr. Clark and Mr. Stone think about it? They were much pleased.

So the crowd, good natured and interested, started. It was like the Benton campaign half a century ago, told about by Senator Vest last summer down at Sweet Springs. The two speakers, one tall and slender, the other tall and thick, led the procession across a stretch of fall pasture. The crowd was so great that some one suggested two meetings. This was voted down.

There was some delay in finding a place for the speakers. Then a light spring wagon that yielded to every violent move of the orator was wheeled up. Gov. Stone mounted it, and after his characteristic survey of the great crowd, began by saying:

"I shall begin a brief speech by calling your attention to my peculiar position. You will observe that in the afternoon programme I am wedged between a horse race and Champ Clark. Can you imagine anything more awkward?"

But Mr. Stone did not stick long to humor. He at once began a serious and carefully-thought-out speech on democratic doctrines, treating it liberally with an argument against the "reorganization" idea.

Mr. Stone's speech contained no appeal for himself, but it was a very clear declaration of principles. He explained that the Kansas City platform needed no bettering; that the test of a man's democracy should be a record of unflinching fealty, and that the principles that were good and true in 1896 and 1900 are good and true now.

Mr. Stone never made a more forcible speech than he made this afternoon. He was exceedingly fit, and the circumstances surrounding the opening of the campaign were inspiring.

The wagon was in the center of a great crowd, the inner portion of which sat flat on the ground. Then came another circle, half on their knees, and outside of this there was a third circle standing. Mr. Clark sat on a cane bottom chair by the side of the wagon on which Gov. Stone spoke. He was in the sun at the conclusion of the first address.

Mr. Clark climbed over the side of the wagon, and taking his hat off, mopped a bedewed brow. The crowd stood up then and closed in on the wagon.

"Here's a problem in mathematics for you," he said in a voice that could be heard in the lower pasture. "If Gov. Stone consumes an hour and 15 minutes in making a few brief remarks, how much time would he need for a speech? This introductory got a laugh, just as Gov. Stone's did. Mr. Clark did not talk with the deliberation of his adversary. He spoke rapidly in sledge-hammer paragraphs.

He said that he was astonished to find a man of the governor's sagacity trying to teach democracy to an audience in Monroe county, where the majority is greater than that of any other county in Missouri.

Then he said that reorganization talk was not to be considered by democrats. The party had no need for it. It was organized already, and organized to win. He didn't want to change the Kansas City platform. It didn't need it. He did not believe in concessions as to ratio. Concessions meant defeat. Mr. Clark again displayed his wonderful knowledge of the Bible by liberal and effective quotations. His voice was never better, and, in the open, sunlit air, with a lot of dust in it, he could be heard in an inconceivable distance.

When the speeches were concluded, the candidates shook hands with a great number of prominent citizens, and again the unusual and picturesque procession made its way across the open field.

Some of Monroe county's finest horses and two dozen prize babies, to say nothing of music, streets of Cairo and other wonders, were on exhibition, but the immense audience did not leave its sunny field around the wagon until the last of Mr. Clark's hour-and-a-quarter speech.

The two orators came to town on the same train last night, slept at the same hotel, and this morning were up betimes to stir among the people.

## Cruiser Des Moines to be Launched.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 28.—Gov. Shaw has been advised by the navy department that the cruiser Des Moines will be ready for launching the latter part of November. He has chosen Miss Frances West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry West, of this city, and a talented young society woman, to christen the boat. The christening will take place at the Quincy (Mass.) shipyards. Gov. Shaw and many Iowa people will attend.

## Another Turkish Submarine.

Sofia, Sept. 28.—The Bulgarian government denies the statement of the Turkish government that the abductees of Miss Helen H. Stone, the American missionary, sought refuge in Bulgaria. A search for the missing missionary which was instituted in this country, has proved fruitless. The frontier guard has been reinforced to prevent any possible passage of brigands.

## Ordered to the Gunboat Yorktown.

Washington, Sept. 28.—Commander William Swift, who has been the acting governor of Guam during the absence of Commander Seaton Schroeder, has been ordered to assume command of the gunboat Yorktown on the return of Commander Schroeder.

## Mrs. Lynn Pullman Gets Her Divorce.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—Judge Bishop granted a decree of divorce to Mrs. Lynn Pullman from George M. Pullman, son of the late palace car magnate. Alimony was fixed at \$1,000 a year.

## Making Fast Time.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 28.—The special train carrying J. P. Morgan and party to the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal church at San Francisco, passed through Cleveland at 9:10 last night, having made the run from New York to this city in 11 hours and 40 minutes.

## Hot Tariff Discussion.

Berlin, Sept. 28.—The question of the new tariff continues to be the subject of newspaper discussion, which is daily becoming hotter.

## Called On the Postmaster General.

Washington, Sept. 28.—A delegation representing the National Association of Postmasters, whose convention has just closed in Atlantic City, called on Postmaster-General Smith and other postal officials, yesterday, to pay their respects. The party included Postmasters Dickerson, of Detroit, Mich.; president of the association; W. P. Hull, Peoria, Ill.; first vice-president; Col. A. W. Willis, Nashville, Tenn.; and Samuel Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

## A Costly Spark.

Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 28.—A spark from a locomotive, on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad started a fire on the property of the Plymouth Cordage Co., at North Plymouth, yesterday afternoon, which caused a loss of \$100,000. Most of the loss was on 4,000 bales of Manila hemp.

## American Bankers' Association.

New York, Sept. 27.—The postponed convention of the trust company section of the American Bankers' association will be held at Milwaukee, October 16, the second day of the Bankers' association's convention.

## Drowned Herself and Children.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 28.—At Little York, a small station on the Cleveland & Akron electric railway line, Mrs. Carrie Curtis drowned her two children and herself in a well. It is believed the woman was demented.

## A Receiver Appointed.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—A receiver was appointed by the chancery court yesterday, for the Woods Motor Vehicle Co. upon the request of the stockholders, who desire a reorganization of the company. There are a number of claims against the company for wages due employees.

## A Banker Suicides.

Berlin, Sept. 28.—Herr Luck, a banker in Aschaffenburg, has committed suicide, by drowning himself in the Main.

## A BEAUTIFUL CONTEST.

Columbia Wins the First Race From Shamrock After a Soul-Stirring Contest.

COLUMBIA BESTED ON OUTWARD RUN.

Sailing Home Before the Wind She Managed to Get a Slight Lead on the Shamrock and to Keep It, Crossing the Finish Line 39 Seconds Ahead—Also Had 43 Seconds Time Allowance.

New York, Sept. 28.—In one of the closest and most soul-stirring races ever sailed for the old America's cup the white flyer Columbia to-day beat the British challenger over a windward and leeward course of 30 nautical miles by the narrow margin of 39 seconds. As Lipton's latest aspirant for cup honors must allow the defender 43 seconds an account of the extra 810 square feet of canvas in her



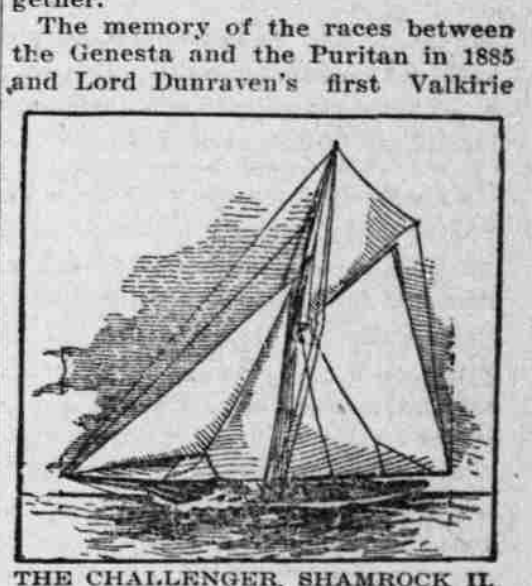
THE AMERICA'S CUP. sail area, the official record, under the rules, gives her the victory by 1 minute 22 seconds.

As a spectacle the contest was superb. From the time the two sky-scraping racers crossed the starting line until they fled across the finish line four and a half hours later, the result was in doubt, and the excitement aboard the excursion fleet increased until men became frenzied and women almost hysterical. So evenly matched were these two scientific racing machines that never after they started were the rival skippers out of each other's hair, and more than three-quarters of the time they



CUP DEFENDER COLUMBIA were so close that Charlie Barr, who had the tiller aboard the American, could have tossed a biscuit to Capt. Sycamore on the Shamrock. For miles as they beat their way to the outer mark the black shadow of Shamrock's huge cup top sail was painted on the big mainsail of the Columbia, and for an hour, on the race home, with the yachts flying like scared deer before the following wind, they ran almost beam to beam, as if they had been harnessed together.

The memory of the races between the Genesta and the Puritan in 1885 and Lord Dunsen's first Valkirie



THE CHALLENGER, SHAMROCK II, and the Vigilant in 1893, which have been treasured by yachtsmen up to this time, will be forgotten after the magnificent duel of to-day. It will live forever in the memory of those who witnessed it. In the years to come yachtsmen of two nations will recount the thrilling story of the celebrated race between the Columbia and the Shamrock II, sailed off New York harbor in the first year of the new century.

## Punishment of Boer Leaders.

Pretoria, Sept. 30.—A pamphlet has been published here under Lord Kitchener's authority containing notice of the permanent banishment of several Boer leaders captured since September 25, and also a long letter from Lord Kitchener replying to a communication from acting President Schalk Burger, received on the 23d. Lord Kitchener promises to send the Schalkburger letter to the imperial government, which, he says, reciprocates the Boer statesman's desire for peace.

## Death of a Post Office Thief.